CHARLTON COMICS GROUP

POPEYE

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ALL NEW POPEYE

THE SAILOR

CHARLTON PUBLICATION

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THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HAG IN THE WORLD

OLIVE, YER IS ME SWEET PATOOTIE! GIMME A BIG KISS!

CLOSE YOUR EYES, POPEYE!

TEE HEE HEE!

WOTTA KISSER!

CAN'T THAT STUPID SAILOR SEE HOW UGLY THAT SKINNY PICKLE-NOSED DAME IS?

POPEYE LOVES OLIVE OYL AND OLIVE OYL LOVES POPEYE!

NOBODY LOVES *ME!*

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POPEYE

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BOO HOO!

WHY AM I SUCH AN UGLY OLD WITCH?

EVEN OLIVE OYL IS PRETTIER THAN I AM!

YUUUCCH!

WHAT'S THE USE OF BEING A WITCH IF I CAN'T GET WHAT I WANT?

WHERE'S MY CRYSTAL BALL, BERNARD?

?

WHERE COULD THAT CRYSTAL BALL BE?

BERNARD, YOU'RE *HIDING* SOMETHING!

BERNARD! *YOU* TOOK IT!

CONFESS, BERNARD! TELL MOTHER WHERE IT IS!

NEVER MIND! I *KNOW!*

I KEEP *TELLING* YOU, BERNARD, MY CRYSTAL BALL IS *NOT* A VULTURE EGG!

MIRRORED IMAGE IN THE BALL, WHO IS LOVELIEST HERE OF ALL?

WHO? BERNARD?

I'LL FIX THAT!

SPIDER LEGS, LIZARD TAILS, FROG EGGS AND SEA SNAILS. DELICIOUS...

I MUSTN'T LET BERNARD EAT IT ALL!

?

BERNARD?

MY MAGIC LOTION WILL TURN ME...

...INTO A...

...NEW WOMAN!

LET'S SEE WHAT POPEYE IS UP TO!

YER IS GORJUS, OLIVE! THE MOSK BEE-YOO-TI-FUL GIRL IN THE WORLD!

OH, POPEYE! TEE HEE

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WHY DON'TCHA ENTER THE BEEYOOTY CONTEST, OLIVE. YER IS SURE TER WIN!

MISS AMERICA BEAUTY CONTEST HERE

WHAT IF I *LOSE*, POPEYE?

YER *CAN'T* LOSE, OLIVE!

HERE IS A JUDGE! I WILL ASK HIM!

JUDGE

YOU IS A JUDGE O' FEMALE BEEYOOTY! OLIVE IS ME SWEET PATOOTIE. DONTCHA THINK SHE'D WIN THE MISS AMERICA CONTESK?

BEAUTIFUL? WIN THE CONTEST? *HA HA! HA HAHA! HAHAHA- HAHAHAHAHA!*

IT WUZN'T *THAT* FUNNY!

POW!

SWISH

I WILL AST YER ONCE MORE! WHO IS THE MOSK BEEYOOTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD?

SHE IS!

I AM?

NOT YOU, MISS OYL...

...HER!

SIMMER DOWN, BOYS! *HEE HEE HEE.*

OH, MY! WHAT A LOVELY VOICE!

SHE *IS* BEAUTIFUL, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING *FAMILIAR* ABOUT HER... *AND* THAT UGLY VULTURE!

I'LL PUT A SPELL ON THAT ONE-EYED SAILOR! *HEE HEE HEE!*

'LOOK AT ME, YOU BOWLEGGED RUNT! YOU *LOVE* ME, UNDERSTAND?

YOU. IS ME NEW SWEET PATOOTIE. I LOVES YA!

POPEYE MUSK BE *KIDDIN'!*

IF I CAN'T HAVE POPEYE...

?

...*NOBODY* CAN!

BEAT IT, BIRD-LEGS!

SPLAT

BIRDLEGS!

PICKLE-NOSE!!!

AT LEAST I...

... HAVE TEETH! AND I'M A LADY!

SOCK!

IT'S A GOOD THING I POURED THE MAGIC BEAUTY LOTION ON MYSELF! IT WILL KEEP ME BEAUTIFUL!

NOW IT'S MY TURN, SKINNY!

I'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO HIT ME, MISS BONES!

ZZZT!

ZSST!!

ZSSST!

HOWCUM THE VULTURE FOLLERS POPEYE'S NEW SWEET PATOOTIE AROUND?

DO YOU THINK I CAN WIN THE BEAUTY CONTEST, HANDSOME?

YER A CINCH, YA GORJUS DOLLIE! I'M GONTER VOTE FER YA!

MISS AMERICA BEAUTY CONTEST!

SO WILL THE OTHER JUDGES OR I WILL LAY 'EM AMONG THE SWEE'PEAS! ARF! ARF!

WOT'S *WRONG* WITH POPEYE? CAN'T HE TELL SHE'S THE SEA HAG IN DISGUISE?

YOU AIN'T NO PEACOCK NEITHER!

SPLAT

I HOPE THEY JUDGE THE BEAUTY CONTEST RIGHT AWAY, POPEYE!

MY *MAGIC BEAUTY LOTION* ONLY *LASTS* A FEW HOURS!

GENTS, I WANTS YER TER MEET THE WINNER O' THE BEE-YOODY CONTESK!

SHE CAN'T BE THE WINNER! MY *WIFE'S NIECE* IS PRETTIER THAN HER!

JUDGE

JUDGE

OH, YEAH?

POW!

WHAM!

YEAH! AND MY WIFE *HITS* HARDER THAN YOU DO!

I SEZ WE OUGHTER HOLD THE BEE-YOODY CONTESK RIGHT NOW!

I VOTE RIGHT NOW FOR THIS DELIGHTFUL DAMSEL!

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NOW, MISS GOAT FLATS!

MISS GOAT

I PICK HER! HURRAY!

BOOOOO!!!

MY BEAUTY POTION LOTION IS WEARING OFF!

SHE YAM MY *SWEET PATOOTIE!* SHE WINS!

OH! OH!

HURRAY FOR MISS *VULTURE ISLAND!*

I WIN, WHO'S GOING TO CROWN ME?

N-NOT ME! I FEEL AWFUL *SICK!*

IT'S ME OL' ENEMY-- *THE SEA HAG!*

LET ME CROWN YOU, MISS VULTURE ISLAND!

SWOOSH

ARF! ARF!

NOW, IT'S YOUR TURN, LAUGHING BOY!

HA HA HO ARF! HO HO

SPLAT SPLAT SPLAT SPLAT

THE JUDGES ARE IN NO CONDITION TO DECIDE, GIRLS! WE'LL HAVE TO PICK SOMEONE OURSELVES? WHO DO YOU VOTE FOR?

Y-YOU, OLIVE!

IT'S UNANIMOUS!

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I WUZ ONLY JOKIN', OLIVE. YER ME SWEET PATOOTIE!

SHE CHEATED! I'M PRETTIER THAN SHE IS, RIGHT, BERNARD?

I'LL WRING YOUR SCRAWNY NECK, BERNIE!

MISS AMERICA

SQUAWK!

ARF! ARF!

I'LL FIX THAT BAG OF BONES! I'LL GET EVEN WITH EVERY-BODY!

LET'S HEAD BACK TO VULTURE ISLAND, BERNARD!

I'M GOING TO MAKE A *BIG* BATCH OF POTION LOTION! ENOUGH FOR *EVERY* WOMAN IN THE WORLD!

LET'S SEE... RATTLESNAKE TONGUES.... FROG WARTS.... A BUCKET OF ICKY WORMS.... A DEVILFISH.... THERE'S SOMETHING MISSING....

YUUCCHH!

I'M GETTING CLOSE.... WHAT ELSE DO I NEED?

!

BERNARD! COME HERE, DEAR BOY!

COME BACK HERE, BERNARD!

...

SLUURpp!

JUST ABOUT RIGHT! MAYBE A FEW TOADSTOOLS...

DOESN'T IT SMELL YUMMY, BERNARD?

NOW, I'VE GOT TO SPRINKLE SOME OF THIS ON ALL THE WOMEN IN THE WORLD EXCEPT...

...EXCEPT OLIVE OYL!

I NEED HELP!

BRUTUS! BRUTUS! COME TO MOTHER!

BRUTUS!

COMING, MOTHER!

SONNY BOY, YOU'VE FINALLY MADE GOOD! YOU'RE A SUPERHERO!

THAT AIN'T IT, MAW....

...I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO GET *DRESSED* WHEN YOU SENT FOR ME!

I MIXED A MAGIC POTION, SONNY! I WANT YOU TO DELIVER SOME TO ALL THE WOMEN IN THE WORLD!

OKAY, MAW, BUT *HOW?*

?

?

FLY NOW, SPRAY LATER, OF COURSE! MY MAGIC LOTION POTION IS IN THE SPRAY TANKS!

HERE WE GO, MOTHER!

YOU FLY, I'LL DO THE REST, SONNY!

YOU'RE NOT A GENTLEMAN, CECIL!

OF COURSE HE ISN'T! *HE'S A MARRIED MAN!*

?

?

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CONTINUED AFTER NEXT TWO PAGES

ssSSSSs

CECIL, WHAT IS THAT PLANE DOING UP THERE?

MAYBE IT'S GOING TO DROP A BOMB! I HOPE SO!

?

?

MILDRED, YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL!!

WALK ON ME, AGNES, SO YOU DON'T GET YOUR LITTLE TOOTSIES WET!

WOW!

CRASHHH!

OLIVE, THAT AIRYPLANE DID SUMPIN' TER MAKE ALL LADIES BEE-YOOTIFUL.

WHY DIDN'T IT DO ANYTHING FOR ME, POPEYE?

I WUZ JES' TRYNA FIGGER THAT OUT, OLIVE!

?

?

YOU WORM!

SMACK!

HELLPP!

I MUSK SAVE HER!

GOTCHA!

??

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, SAILOR BOY!

BONK!

HELP!

WOT IS HAPPENIN'?

EVERYBUDDY IS GOIN' CRACKERS CUZ ALL WIMMIN IS BEE-YOODIFUL!

?

CRASH! BAM!

PING

?

CLOSED! GONE ON HONEY-MOON!

THIS IS FANKASKIK! UNBELIVVABLE!

I'D LIKE TO GET MY HAND ON THE FIEND WHO DID THIS!

MINI-AIRLINES

YOUSE IS LUCKY, OLIVE! YOU ARE THE ONLIEST WOMAN WHO'S NOT CURSED BY BEIN' BEE-YOODIFUL!

?

DID I SAY SUMPIN' WRONG?

COME ON, SAILOR BOY, WE'RE GOING ON A TRIP!

PROMISE NOT TA HIT ME FIRSK!

WHY IS WE GOIN' TER VULTURE ISLAND?

THE SEA HAG IS THERE, THAT'S WHY! SHE MADE EVERY WOMAN IN THE WORLD BEAUTIFUL.

HMMMM. I SEE POPEYE AND THAT SKINNY DAME ARE FALLING INTO MY TRAP!

I SEE THEM TOO, MAW!

NOT CANNON BALLS, SONNY! WE'LL USE MY NEW SECRET WEAPON!

WOW! WHAT'S INSIDE, MAW? *DYNAMITE?*

NO, SONNY...

...YOU ARE!

BOOM!

BOOM!

WE IS UNDER ATTACT!

BE CAREFUL, POPEYE!

SWISHH!!!

HEY, MAW!!

WHAT IS IT, SONNY?

LOOK OUT!

THAT WASN'T NICE, BRUTUS!

SEA HAG, YOU'D BETTER LIFT THE MAGIC SPELL YOU PUT ON WOMEN, MAKING THEM ALL BEAUTIFUL!

JEALOUS, DEARIE?

NO...

...JUST *MAD!*

SO, I'M CONVINCED—I'LL LIFT THE SPELL!

BERNARD, LET THAT CRYSTAL BALL ALONE! IT IS *NOT* A VULTURE EGG!

PECK!

PECK!

PECK!

BRRRRKK?

OH, NO!

YOU ALWEEZ-Z-Z WILL BE ME SWEET PATOOTIE, OLIVE!

THEY IS DISGUSTIPATIN'!

END

TOAR in BOTTLESHIP

YES SIR, MAY I HELP YOU?

I, TOAR, BUY PRESENT FOR MY FRIEND POPEYE. IT *SHIP IN BOTTLE!*

TOY DEPT.

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I BUILD SHIP BUT IT *NO* FIT IN BOTTLE.

YOU DOPE! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO CONSTRUCT THE SHIP *INSIDE* THE BOTTLE.

INSIDE? THAT NO MAKE SENSE.

YOU SHOW TOAR.

HEY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

WELL, WE'LL START OFF WITH THE HULL. JUST HAND ME A PLANK AT A TIME.

END!

SNOW ME DOWN

"Why does ya' want ta' go skiing?" grumbled Popeye as he helped Olive climb into the car. "Skiing is for sissikies!" mumbled Popeye as he hopped into the front seat.

"You're mad because you don't know how to ski," replied Olive. "Skiing isn't a sissy sport. Skiing is lots of fun. You'll have a good time, just wait and see!"

Popeye tooted on his pipe, turned up his coat collar and pulled his hat down over his ears. "Skiing is for sissikies," he muttered as he started the car.

Off they drove toward the snow covered mountains. Hours later, they arrived at the ski slopes. Olive hopped out of the car. Quickly, she began to strap on her skis.

"Let me help you with these, beautiful," shouted someone near the ski lift.

Olive looked up. Who did she see? It was Popeye's old rival, Brutus. He was the local ski instructor.

"Where's Squinch Eye?" Brutus asked as he helped Olive put on her skis.

"I yam right behind ya'," answered Popeye as he stepped between Brutus and Olive. "Me Sweet Pateetie and me kin do wit out yer help!" he snapped.

"Is that so?" replied Brutus angrily. "I didn't know that you knew how to ski!"

"I yam a fask learner," said Popeye.

"Boys! Boys! Stop arguing," ordered Olive as she got to her feet. "Brutus, since you're a ski instructor and Popeye is only a beginner, you can give him a few, fast lessons and then we can all go skiing together," suggested Olive.

"Yea, that's a good idea," agreed Brutus slyly. He had a devilish plan to get rid of Popeye. "Let's get on the lift and go up the slope. This is gonna' be lots of fun," he stated.

Popeye didn't like the look in Brutus' eyes, but he agreed to go along for the ride. If he didn't learn how to ski and learn fast, he'd be left out and left behind.

Popeye strapped on his skis, picked up his ski poles and got on the lift chair with Brutus and Olive. Up the mountain they went. When they reached the top of the slope, they hopped off.

"You wait here, Olive," said Brutus. "I'll take Popeye over to the beginner's slope and give him a few tips before we start our downhill run."

Instead of taking Popeye to the beginner's slope, Brutus led him over to the ski jump.

Brutus aimed Popeye down the hill. "The first thing you have to do in order to ski well, is to close your eyes," Brutus said. "Then start counting. Don't open your eyes until you reach ten!"

Foolishly, Popeye obeyed. Popeye closed his eyes and started to count. Gently, Brutus gave Popeye a shove in the wrong direction. Down the hill toward the ski jump Popeye sped.

"So long, sucker!" laughed Brutus as he started back toward Olive.

Popeye narrowly missed crashing into tree after tree as he zipped down the snowy slope. He flew down the ski jump and rocketed high up into the air. Finally, he reached ten and opened his eyes.

"Yoiks! I yam skiing on air," he cried as he spied the snow far below.

Then, like a falling star, he plummeted out of the clouds and sped nose first toward the ground.

Smash! Popeye crashed face first into a snow drift.

"Where's Popeye?" Olive asked Brutus when the ski instructor returned without her boyfriend.

"Stop worrying about Squinch Eye and give me a little kiss," replied Brutus as he pulled Olive into his arms.

Olive shrieked! She screamed! She begged for Popeye to help her.

Meanwhile, Popeye had turned into a human icicle. He was half frozen, but when he heard Olive calling for help he got burning mad.

His pipe turned into a blow torch and melted the snow drift into a puddle of slush. Out of his coat pocket came a can of spinach. Out of the open can and into his mouth went the spinach.

"Wham! There was a flash of light! Popeye the Sailer was immediately transformed into Popeye the Super Skier! Then, Popeye did the impossible. Using his pipe like a jet engine, he skied up the slope toward Olive and Brutus.

Like a snow plow out of control, Popeye plowed into Brutus fist first.

Brutus sailed high into the air, landed headfirst on the slope and rolled down the hill like a giant snowball. When he reached the bottom of the mountain, he looked like a snowman.

Popeye and Olive spent the rest of the day on the slopes. When it was time to go home, Popeye admitted that he'd had a good time. "Well, snow me down," he cried. "Skiing isn't a sissikie sport!"